

A decorative banner with a scalloped edge, featuring two potted plants with feathery foliage on either side. The banner is draped over a horizontal line.

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ADVOCATE

JUNE 1906.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

Vol. XVI

NEEDHAM, MASS., JUNE 1906

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The High School Advocate

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NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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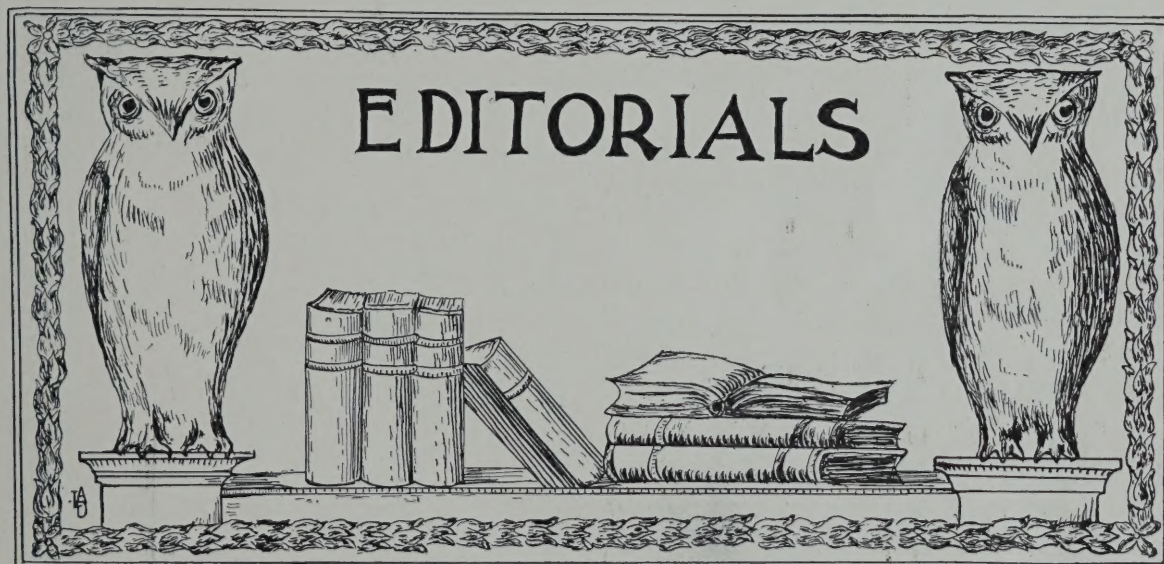
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WHEN we assembled at the beginning of the Fall Term to take up our school work again, we were glad to welcome three of our old teachers, Mr. Loker, our principal, and Miss Ambler and Miss Thomas. Although we were sorry to learn that Miss Farwell had left to accept a more lucrative position, we greeted with pleasure her successor, Miss Cole of Wesleyan University. We also found an-

other new teacher, Miss Jones, of Boston University, who was to conduct the commercial course and soon win the willing co-operation and hearts of all.

OUR school-year, however, was to experience two changes. Miss Ambler, who was one of our best teachers and who had been with us for three years, left in March to accept a position as teacher in English at Gardner, Mass. A

week later Miss Cole resigned on account of ill health. Miss Smith of Radcliffe '05 filled the vacancy caused by Miss Ambler's resignation. Realizing how important the position is and how difficult it is to take up the work which another teacher has left, we fully appreciate Miss Smith's services and have enjoyed our work with her. Miss Picket took Miss Cole's place and successfully continued her work.

THIS year the work in our drawing classes comprises many interesting subjects. It is a noteworthy fact that so large a number of pupils have elected drawing and shown so great an interest in this study.

WE WISH to extend our thanks to the teachers for the assistance they have given us in outside help on our studies. At the first of the year each teacher had a special afternoon in which to give extra help to all in need of such aid. After the spring vacation, however, it was thought best to make a change and so all teachers came back on one afternoon. Further aid was also willingly granted.

WE WISH to express our appreciation for the pieces of statuary which were placed in the different rooms of our school this fall. These are classical subjects and are of interest to the pupils as well as an adornment to our school rooms. We extend to the many supporters in our Herald Contest our thanks for their kind services, through which it was possible for us to secure these gifts.

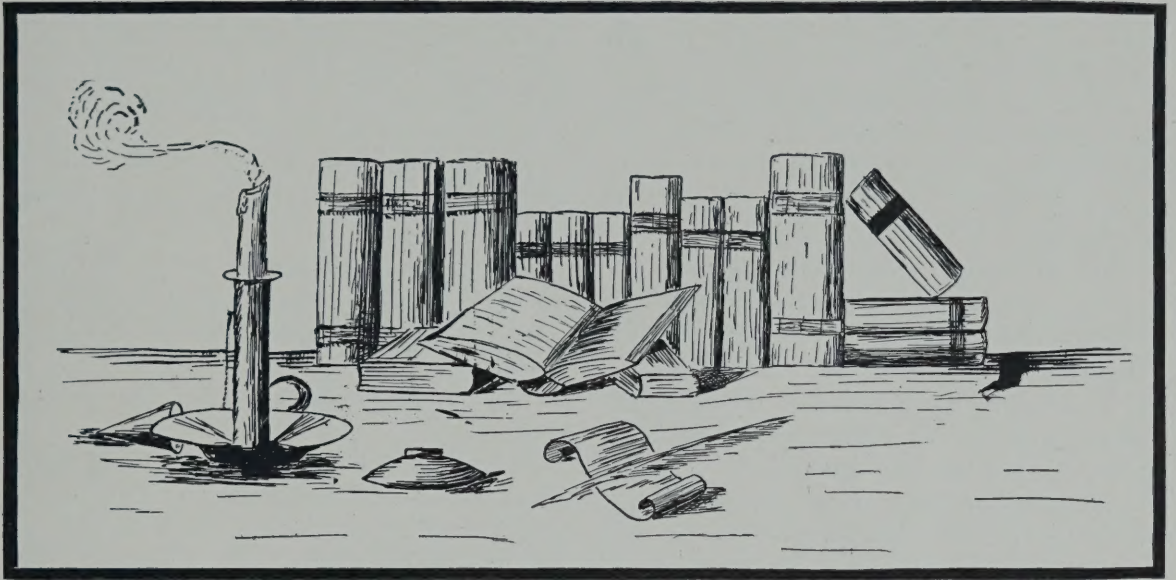
ALTHOUGH our school is neither large nor wealthy enough to own an athletic field, we do not feel the lack of this since we are able to hire one of Miss Green, to whom we owe our thanks. We are all proud of the figures which appear in our

athletic column, as our foot-ball record. We wish to thank Mr. Frank Bean, N. H. S., '01, who so kindly gave us his services and so ably coached our team. While we fully appreciate the hard work of the boys of the foot-ball and base-ball teams which has made their victories possible, we must not forget that much of their success is due to our principal. To Mr. Loker's hearty co-operation and assistance the teams owe much of their good organization and efficiency.

ON FRIDAY Evening, January the twelfth, the Senior Class held a Class Party in the Assembly Hall. The hall was prettily decorated with the class colors, blue and gold. The guests of honor were the School Committee, the High School teachers, and the friends of the Senior Class. Games, dancing and refreshments afforded a very enjoyable evening to all present.

ONLY two class parties have been held in the High School. This surely does not show much social life or school spirit. It would make school life more enjoyable and form a closer feeling of union and friendship among the classes if more enthusiasm were shown along this line. One or two parties, a reception, and a dance would break up the monotony of the studies during the year.

SOON the Class of 1906 will depart from the dear old High School. Some will continue their studies elsewhere; others will settle down peacefully in their homes. All will be scattered far and near. Some are sorry to go and say good-bye to the pleasant associations, the memories of which will always linger with them, while others are glad to leave behind the hours of toil and drudgery. But whatever their feelings, the Class of 1906 now honors the Advocate for the last time.



THE TEST OF A HERO

(Awarded First Prize.)

"Way down upon the Swarnee Riber, Der let me lib an' die."

THE music floated over the cotton fields from the negro cabins. The melody of a violin mingled with the voices of the negroes, and the shuffling of heavy feet told that they were having their evening dance. Across the cotton fields and magnolias, and through heavily laden rose-bushes, the wierd groans and trembles of Uncle Joe's old fiddle reached the ears of the folk at the "big house."

"The negroes are having a jolly time," Mr. Claire said huskily to his wife.

Her eyes wandered to the silent figure at the window, and she answered tearfully,

"Uncle Joe is at his best, perhaps—poor fellow, it is his last chance."

The man at the window looked steadily into the darkness. He told himself that the whimpering of these people annoyed him,—he wished that their common sense would make them see that this was the only way to get rid of debt.

"What's an old negro, anyway," he muttered.

Suddenly out of the magnolia trees, crept a tiny dark figure. The man started forward and watched it curiously. Down the long rows of cotton he followed it to the paddocks. A bright gleam of moonlight fell on the yard, and he saw the childish form of Mr. Claire's little son, leaning over the enclosure, with his tiny hands caressing a beautiful white horse. Then, almost as quickly as he had appeared, the child ran back towards the house.

"The famous Arab horse," the man said softly. Then, as a sudden thought came to him, he turned towards the silent pair at the table and said, striving to hide his eagerness,—

"Well, what do you say? I must take the nigger back in the morning. Perhaps it would be better to tell him now. I will go

down, if you wish," he added, turning towards the veranda.

"No, no," Mrs. Claire said tremblingly, as she rose from the table. "I will go. He is an old family servant, and it is—is hard to part with him—" she turned away to hide her emotion.

The slaveholder caught at his chance.

"Is there nothing else," he said, "that is of equal value? No cattle, horse, or anything?"

The two before him looked questioningly at each other. Mr. Claire's face was very pale, and the passionate southern blood rose to his wife's cheeks. With a despairing gesture she turned to the slaveholder.

"Do you not know that last year's crops ruined us?" she cried. "We have nothing, absolutely nothing! Have you no mercy? Our dearest possessions you would take from us. Oh! if you would only give us time!"

"I tell you," the man cried angrily, "you have had time enough. I must meet a bill and this negro will help me. I must have him now, or," he added slowly, "something of equal value."

The door opened quickly. A slender figure sprang towards the table and stood erect before the slaveholder.

"You can have my King," he said firmly, "you can have my King. He is worth a lot of money and he is very dear to me, but Uncle Joe is still dearer. King is my horse," his voice trembled, "you can take him instead of Joe."

Although ashamed as he looked into the clear blue eyes, the man, crushing his good impulse, turned expectantly to the child's parents.

Looking scornfully at the slaveholder, the mother drew the boy to her, and said,—

"Think, my darling; God knows it would break my heart to take King from you! Do you really wish it? Papa and I owe this—this man, and we cannot pay him now, so he wants Uncle Joe. Perhaps, dear, it would

indeed be a very short time before you could have King back, and—" she whispered softly, "Papa's heart is breaking. Oh, my little son, could you do it?"

With shining eyes, but with a queer little trembling of his lips, the boy ran to his father.

"Papa," he cried gently, "It is all right. Joe need not go, the man will take King. I want him to take him, and he is my own, you know."

The father tenderly stroked the child's short curls.

"Listen, Papa's little man. I am very poor, ruined already by the war and the result of the crops. I may never be able to win back King, and though I would rather work my fingers to the bone than to see you parted from your pet, I cannot help this," and he looked at the broad white sling which supported his wounded arm. Then he added suddenly,—

"You have always longed to be a soldier, son. I would have you remember that a battle-field does not number all the heroes. Every one has a battle to fight, even such a little man as you. To fight for one's country is indeed glorious; to be amidst the shot and shell of battle is the test of heroes, but to fight the battle of life, to conquer disappointments, to sacrifice lovingly, and to smile at sorrow is the nobler victory."

The slaveholder slowly paced the floor. He felt curiously ill at ease. Throwing himself impatiently on a couch, he stared gloomily at the mirror.

"I am a cruel brute," he muttered decidedly. "'Tisn't as if 'twas a man,—but a kid and such a little one. Giminy, I think I'm growing soft—poor little chap. Give up his only plaything for a coon, and never a whimper."

With half-closed eyes the man looked moodily around him.

"To think that my battle should end like

this. What disappointments have I conquered? What sacrifices have I made, and what sorrows have I smiled at? I have made a brave soldier! Helping the devil! I wonder if it's too late to win in one fight? Would it be too hard to give in to such a little chap?"

He walked slowly out to the paddocks. It was almost daylight, and sounds of the awakening negroes drifted faintly up to the orchard. Jumping the low fence in the pasture, he suddenly stood still. A small, huddled figure lay prone on the dewy grass, and a sobbing voice cried,—

"I want to be a soldier, but it's so hard. And King,—" the boy's voice shook. He lay still so long that the man thought him asleep. Then suddenly the boy jumped up. With quick steps he hurried to the paddock, whistled softly, and the beautiful horse came galloping across the grass. In a firm voice the boy talked to him, patting his slender neck.

"Good-bye, my King," he said, "When I am big I will have you back, but now you must go with the slaveman, and I must win my battle."

Throwing his arms about the horse's neck, he softly kissed its snowy forehead. Then with steady step he hurried to the house.

The slaveholder drew a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote a few words on it. When with nervous haste he had ordered an old negro to give it to the boy after he had gone, he quickly called for his horse.

Five minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Claire heard the beat of horse's hoofs. With tear-dimmed eyes, Mrs. Claire said,—

"King," then hastened down to find her little son.

But a joyful voice called from the paddock,—

"Mama, Papa! Come here quick! He's left King. He's left King!"

Scarcely believing, husband and wife hurried to the yard. There stood the boy, his face shining, madly waving a paper in the air. He thrust it into his father's hand, and Mr. Claire read, with shaking voice,—

"God grant that the hero, a man, may be as brave and true a soldier, as the hero, a boy."

Ida G. Buckley, '07.

A DOUBLE VICTORY

(Awarded Second Prize.)

IT WAS a beautiful afternoon towards the last of November. The air was clear and sharp and a steady breeze from the north chased the clouds in the dark blue sky over the brown fields. It was an ideal day for the great foot-ball game.

The North and South High School teams of a large city were to fight for the championship. Since these two schools were rivals in scholarship and social distinction, this game was to determine which one should carry off the honors. A large crowd in gay attire had gathered to see the game.

Excitement and enthusiasm reigned every-

where. On the northern side of the field the tiers were one waving mass of blue and white, and on the south the opposing black and orange surged to and fro. Banners and pennants of every description fluttered in the breeze and cheers and shouts rose on the air.

Amid the throng of black and orange, Catherine Atherton was seated in the front row with her friends. In spite of the enthusiasm around her, and the repeated calls of her companions to their friends, "Victory for the South!" "Hurrah for the North!" Catherine was silent. Her handsome pen-

nant lay unfurled in her lap. Which side did she hope would win?

Tom Atherton, her brother, was captain of the South's team, and Jack Wright, her brother's chum, as well as her friend, was the best player on the team. Bob Thurston was the captain of the North's eleven and he, too, was one of her best friends. Although Bob and her brother were good friends, they were strong rivals on account of the relation of the two schools to one another. But Jack Wright did not like Bob for he was his rival for another reason.

Suddenly Catherine was aroused from her reverie by a great cheer. The South squad had run out upon the field. An instant later the North's team appeared amid loud applause. When the powerfully built captains had run their elevens through the signal practice the game was called and both teams took their places. Now the cheers were hushed and it seemed to each player that his thumping heart beat louder than any cheer ever raised. The South had the kick off.

"Ready North? Ready South?" shouted the umpire.

"Ready, sir!" both captains shouted back and the game was on.

The North's right end had received the ball and bore down the field with it. He was, however, soon tackled. Then the struggle began in earnest. The North squad charged the defense line of the South like a battering ram. Every attempt to hold them was frustrated; every attempt to get the ball useless. On and on they rushed. The South's line was broken and the North plunged through at every play.

All at once Thurston slipped around the end and cleared all his opponents, making for the goal posts. So close at his heels was Tom Atherton pursuing him that he could hear his heavy breathing. Exerting all his strength he pressed on, and, as the great assembly rose to its feet with cheers and waving flags, Bob Thurston placed the ball

over the white-washed line and kicked the goal.

Although the South squad seemed discouraged and disheartened by the rapid and easy advance the North was making, their captain was spurred on to win. "Now then, hold 'em fellows!" he shouted as the signal was given. Encouraged by their captain's words they attacked their opponents with fresh vigor. This time their defense line was secure and every attempt to break through futile. Then the North tried their ends, but with no success. The next play nothing was gained. Again they gained no ground and were obliged to kick. This time Thurston received the ball and was making for his goal. Although Tom Atherton tried to tackle him, Thurston wrenched himself free and ran on. Wright, however, was upon him and both falling were soon buried beneath the players. As the men slowly untangled themselves and rose from the confused heap, and the umpire shouted, "The South's ball!" a great cheer was raised and black and orange pennants waved.

At this great outburst of emotion and applause, however, Catherine sank back in her seat, silent and still. She alone had seen Wright deal Bob Thurston a heavy blow in his left side as they fell, covered with the other players; and she alone had seen him wrench the ball from the hands of its winner, who was nearly overcome by the blow he had received.

One more play remained before the end of the first half. Once more the signal was given. Wright shot down the field with the pigskin under his arm. No one could overtake him. His goal was reached and successfully kicked, and with loud cheers for Wright and the South, the first half ended a tie—apparently.

During the intermission both teams gathered around their captains. The South was elated with its recent success and shouted back and forth to its friends. The North

team was trying to cheer their captain, who, leaning against one of the goal posts, did not seem to heed their hearty encouragement. Vainly he tried to rouse himself, but his mind was stunned with the mean trick that Wright had played him. Although he had known how bitterly Wright hated him, he had thought that he was a manly rival who would meet him in a straight-forward fashion. Now contempt for this mean play overwhelmed him.

When the signal for the second half was given and both teams returned to the field for the line-up, Bob Thurston walked with lagging steps back to his place. Even when the umpire's whistle blew and all rushed into the game he loitered listlessly behind. In vain he tried to hold his line. His team was doing such fine work that he felt ashamed of himself. He put forth every energy, but still the South pressed on. Although his left tackle succeeded once in getting the ball, and ran down the field with it, all the South team pursued him and after a thirty-yard run forced him to the ground. The next two plays they failed to make their distance. After that the South had the ball. At the next play Wright tore down the field for a touchdown.

As the whistle blew for the next play, Bob stood in his place, motionless, as if fixed to the ground itself. He put forth a mighty effort to rush on with the others, but he could not move. His face was pale and his hands tightly clenched at his sides. It seemed as if his pounding heart must stop his breathing. He bent slightly forward and those who saw him thought that he would fall. But he did not. While he held out from the game, he had a presentiment. Clearly he perceived a fumble, saw the ball slip from Wright's hands, and then saw, yes, could even feel, his own hands close over it. This new and strange experience held sway over him for a second only. The next instant the ball slipped from Wright's hands.

Then Bob was quickly upon it. A great shout rang out, "The North's ball! Hurrah for Thurston!"

No longer was the North's captain listless, nor was he lacking in enthusiasm as he threw himself into the midst of black and orange clad heroes. On he plunged, on and on, and it was not until he had reached the two-yard line that he was stopped by Tom Atherton. At the next play, rushed on by his team, he plunged through the line and gained his goal. As the ball sailed between the goal posts he heard his name shouted.

Once more the two teams took their places. Thus far the game was a tie and only a few minutes remained. On both sides men were shouting encouragement. Back and forth the two lines of players surged—now to the north, now to the south.

With only one minute left the umpire blew his whistle for the last play. At the same instant Bob darted ahead and rushed down the field for his goal. Forward he sped, gaining swiftness at every step. Everyone else was left far behind. Caps and blue and white flags were waving and cheers and shouts filled the air. But he heard only the umpire's whistle as he placed the ball over the line. He had won the day!

Again and again his name was raised in cheers. In vain his team insisted in carrying him off the field on their shoulders. With dirt and bruises, the relics of the hard won fight, the stalwart captain made his way to the southern tiers. Searchingly his eyes scanned the many faces until they met Catherine Atherton's. In spite of the many friends who surrounded her, wondering at seeing this victorious captain, with his handsome blue sweater and its white "N," among the Southern supporters; in spite of her brother and Jack Wright, who stood at her side, she reached out both her hands to him. Her own pennant fell to the ground. Pride and admiration shone in her eyes!

Esther C. Johnson, '06.

A STAUNCH UNIONIST

(Awarded Third Prize.)

ONE evening I lay curled up among the sofa pillows in a little nook, which led off the library. Beside me was a large window which opened on a great magnolia tree, which was bathed in a flood of shining silver and I could hear the rich and full tones of the mocking bird as it fluttered through the branches. As I lay there dreamily listening to the little singer, I heard the murmuring of low voices and as I turned my head, saw through a little opening in the heavy portiere, the grave faces of two confederate generals leaning over and discussing some important papers.

I listened breathless. Was it possible that our brave boys in blue were to be taken unawares and trapped in this way? As I sat astonished at the startling news, the doorbell rang and the two generals, leaving their papers, walked into the hall to receive an officer that they were expecting.

In an instant I was on my feet. I must do my duty by my country and now was the time. Making one spring for the table I snatched up the papers, slipped them into my waist, stole silently back into the nook and out of the window through which I had been watching the mocking bird. One quick glance showed me the officer's horse tied to a tree. Running swiftly toward it, I unfastened it and was just about to mount, when I realized what a conspicuous object I should be in the moonlight, riding a black horse in a snow white dress. But my hand was touching something soft and I looked down. There across the saddle lay the officer's gray army coat. Slipping it around me I sprang to the saddle and galloped towards the woods.

On and on I galloped through the silent forest, now startling the woodland creatures

from their leafy beds, then passing the birch trees which stood like white ghosts in the night, or again hearing through the intense stillness the unearthly yelling and hooting of the big owls. As the breeze sighed through the pine trees and parted their branches, I could see the twinkling stars in the far off heavens. About midnight I passed through a quiet opening in the woods, flecked with soft gray shadows in the moonlight, where the sentinel evergreens kept silent watch.

When an hour later, I stopped to rest my tired horse for a few minutes, I was startled by a twig snapping behind me. I turned—and there was a big black object in the moonlight, growling and watching me. We looked straight into each other's eyes a moment. Then he drew back silently into the dense shadows while I anxiously urged on my horse.

On I rode until, at last, the brilliancy of the stars began to pale before the first streak of dawn. By the time I had reached a winding creek, the eastern sky was growing red. The rose scented air was fresh and sweet, the dew lay heavy in glittering drops on the leaves and the blades of grass. The wild rose-bushes were in bloom, and their pink blossoms clustered in every point and bend of the creek, while from the thickets rose the sad songs of the hermit thrushes. I could not find a more beautiful place in which to conceal myself from dawn until nightfall. Since my horse could not be hidden I turned him loose to shift for himself and sat down to think, on a rock where graceful water loving ferns swayed to and fro.

At last a bright idea came to me and I waded down the creek until I came to an old stone wall from which I climbed into a high tree. From its branches gray moss streamed

down, swaying gently in the breeze. I climbed to the highest branch and drawing the gray army coat about me posed as the bough of the tree.

The afternoon wore away and in the gathering gloom I was startled by the sound of a distant shot. Ten minutes passed in perfect silence, while I waited and watched. Then two more shots were fired down the creek and a moment later I heard the furious barking of bloodhounds. I hardly dared breathe in my hiding place, as I peeked through the dense foliage and intently watched the hounds trying to find my scent which the water and rock would not hold. At last the puzzled men and weary hounds gave up the search for the night and reeled back to the nearest house, two miles away.

As soon as silence reigned I scrambled down from the tree and softly followed the trail of my pursuers until from the shadow of an overhanging tree I saw them safely lodged within the house.

Noiselessly I crept to a window and peeping through I saw six confederate soldiers playing cards, while at their feet lay the four hounds. Then gliding quietly to the nearest horse, I mounted him and struck off in the direction of the Union forces. Meanwhile thick clouds were gathering overhead with a rapidity which showed that the starlight would last but a short time. I hurried the willing little horse all I could for, though I knew the way pretty well, I feared I could not find it easily in perfect darkness.

I had ridden about an hour when I heard in the distance the barking of the hounds and I knew the race had begun. In my terror I cried, "Oh! They're coming! they're coming!" But the echoes of the forest alone answered my call and repeated again and again "Coming—coming!" The sky was frightfully dark and the thick masses of clouds swept across it with the swiftness of huge birds. I could distinctly hear the roll of distant thunder.

The pursuit was now pushed with reckless speed and through the continual flashes of lightning I could see my pursuers fast gaining upon me. I urged my horse on and the knowing little animal seemed to realize that my life was in his keeping for he plunged madly forward.

The storm burst in sheets and torrents while the violent gusts of wind drove the rain in my face. The continual flashes of lightning, however, guided me on my way and revealed to me my foes on their wild and vicious horses only forty-five yards behind. Report after report suddenly rang out into the night. I lay flat on my horse while the bullets went whizzing over my head. Suddenly I splashed through a shallow stream of several hundred yards and from the opposite side, I saw by the flickering light from the huge camp-fires the tents of the Union Army. I glanced around and to my surprise my pursuers were making for home in Indian file as fast as possible. Evidently they had feared the answering report of the Yankees who had heard the incessant firing in the distance.

By the time I had reached the lines the last cloud had rolled away and the lovely stars were again shining. I dashed right in on the camp where the soldiers were gathered singing songs, smoking, and telling stories within the circle of the flickering fire light from which leaping sheets of flame and fire flickered and danced, lighting up with continual vivid flashes the gloom of the forest around.

The general rose to meet me. He was a quiet man with a fine face full of resolution and eyes that burned with a deep and steady gaze. Hastily dismounting I took the papers from their hiding place and passed them to the general. He read them while I watched him with every nerve alert with excitement. Presently he looked up and exclaimed, "Wonderful! wonderful! This news comes to me like a shock of lightning itself. You

have gained us some important information worth the risk that you ran and have saved the lives of many brave boys by changing what would have been a terrible defeat into a brilliant victory."

Then he led me over to the camp fire to relate to the boys my ride of terror. While

I was telling my adventures the only sound to be heard was the roaring and crackling of the logs but when I had finished the soldiers made the forest echo and reecho with their wild shouts of joy.

Evelyn Locke '08.

THE CHIEF

He stood by the edge of the mountain.

Far down in the valley below,
He heard the sound of footsteps
Swift walking to and fro.

He listened but for a moment,
Then lifting his arms on high
He asked of the God of heaven,
"Why Great Spirit, why?"

He uttered these words in a language,
More beautiful than ours,
For these words that he spoke in his sorrow
The birds understood and the flowers.

Then he knelt by the edge of the mountain,
This chief of a tribe, he knelt,

And uttered in daring phrases
What his sorrowing heart now felt.

Oh why had his tribe been banished
From the hills and forests so dear,
And left him alone in the darkness
To fight with the white men here?

He paused, the sounds came nearer,
He grasped the bow on the ground,
And whispered, "I'll kill that pale face,
Before I lie in my mound."

He could see one approach up the pathway,
And calling to aid all his art,
He sent an arrow winging
On a death-mission thro' the heart.

Gladys E. Pond, '06.

CHUMIE'S "WABBIT"

CHUMIE sat amidst the leaves which the gardener had carefully raked up an half hour before. For the last quarter of an hour, however, Chumie had amused himself by scattering them all over the yard. Now, he sat silent and mournful, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, while he looked wistfully over toward the pine grove on the hill.

Indeed, he presented such a sorrowful appearance, that big bruver Bob, sauntering home from college stopped short in front of him, and regarded him with mingled curiosity and surprise.

Big bruver Bob was quite an authority in Chumie's eyes, for wasn't he a college man, and didn't he "sport" a cane, and, oh! what gorgeous neckties he wore!

Big bruver Bob threw himself down on the grass beside Chumie, saw that his legs dangled gracefully over the bank, and then began, "I say, Chum, what's the matter? Lose your pudding?"

This was "muvver's" usual mode of punishment.

Chumie remained silent, and stealthily wiped away two great tears which would persist in coming.

Bob tried again, and used a manner of address exceeding dear to Chumie's heart.

"What's up, old man, anyway?"

This time Chumie answered.

"Billy Brown's got a wabbit." The words ended in a sob, and again the tears rolled down his dirty, grimy, little cheeks.

But "big bruver Bob," was straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of a trim little figure which was coming up the street. He was

sure it was Maria Blake. Bob liked girls, and Maria was a particular friend of his.

The child looked at him with pleading eyes.

"Billy says his big bruver caught it, an' an' it's got 'ittle, pink eyes, an' an', oh Bob, I wants one too."

But the plea was lost, for Bob had eyes and ears for Maria only. Would she look or would she cross to the other side without noticing him? Bob remembered miserably that he was not in very good favor with Maria, just at present.

Chumie made a last attempt.

"Billy says all big bruvers can catch wabbits," he sobbed, "can't you?"

This time Bob heard. Maria had looked the other way, and he settled back in moody sullenness.

"Oh I suppose I know a few things."

At this slender hope, Chumie grasped eagerly.

"And do you know how to catch a wabbit?" he cried. Oh Bob, tell me, tell me, please do!"

But Bob was peeking over his shoulder at Maria, and the next minute was down the drive, toward the street. Maria had looked back and smiled!

Chumie stood for a moment, looking at Bob with hurt surprise. Then in a last despairing effort he ran after him and clasping his knees desperately,

"Tell me Bob, please do, I wants to catch a wabbit!"

Angry and impatient at the little fellow's persistence, Bob broke from his clasp and said,

"Oh you couldn't get one, anyway, Chum. You have to go in the night, you know, away up in the woods," and he cleared the low, stone wall and gained Maria's side.

But Chum was not to be daunted at the very brink of success, and running along the wall he shouted eagerly,

"What then, Bob, what do you do then?"

With a forced laugh Bob turned.

"Wait till the rabbit sticks his head out of the hole, and then catch him," he replied, and laughingly told the story to Maria, who giggled at Bob's diplomacy.

Chumie walked slowly back to his former seat. The tears were almost back again, and all his hope and eagerness had vanished at the realization of the terrible task before him.

"All in the dark," he murmured, "all in the dark."

But suddenly his shoulders straightened and a look of resolution took the place of one of terror.

"I will go all myself," he said firmly, "away into the dark woods and get my wabbit."

* * * * *

That night, after "muvver" had kissed Chumie good-night, and turned out the light, the little boy crept tremblingly from bed and hurriedly donned as many clothes as he was able, and then taking his little overcoat from the closet, stole to the top of the stairs.

The large hall was brilliantly lighted, and Chumie could hear his "muvver" laughing gayly in the library. He pattered down the stairs in an agony of excitement. What funny noises the stairs made! Chumie couldn't remember of ever hearing such tiny growls and squeaks. And the door shut with such a bang that he trembled with fear lest he should be caught.

Across the wide veranda, and down the drive he hurried, until, safely past the lodge, he stood in the dark sidewalk. Then an unmanly desire came over him to turn back to "muvver." The darkness and isolation frightened him, but straightening his shaking, little knees, he grasped a large stick which lay in the gutter and cried bravely,

"I will kill any one who tums near me,"

But with the protection his stick afforded him, the long shadows on all sides made him hurry faster and faster.

At last he reached the pine grove, and all fear was forgotten. Falling on his hands and knees he bent closely to the ground in search of a "wabbit"-hole. The moon was behind a cloud and the ground was so dark that he could see nothing. He stumbled against the trees and pricked his hands with the sharp pine-needles.

"It is so dark," he moaned, "I can't never fin' my wabbit-hole."

Just then his hand went into a small narrow hollow, and he shrieked with delight,—

"A wabbit-hole, a weally wabbit-hole," and he covered the hole with his hand, lest the rabbit should escape.

The wind grew colder and colder, and the grove was almost pitch-dark. Chumie, in the joy of finding his "wabbit"-hole, was oblivious alike to cold and darkness, and waited anxiously for the "wabbit's" appearance. Finally, he was almost asleep when the striking of the town clock aroused him and as he sleepily lifted his head, he shook with fear, for a dreadful noise sounded in the pines above him. Such a howling, and growling, and whistling, that Chumie shrank back towards a great tree-trunk and waited with beating heart.

"Lions an' bears," he sobbed in dread, "lions an' bears."

But as the dreadful noise increased, a bright, comforting idea came to Chumie.

"Mr. Wabbit won't let them bite me," he whispered joyfully.

In his fear, however, his hand had slipped from the "wabbit-hole," and he felt frantically around him for it. Suddenly his hand struck something soft and thick and warm. In a joy that almost overcame his sleepiness he cried,

"It's a wabbit, a wabbit," and peacefully fell asleep, clutching tightly the corner of his little overcoat.

That night when "faver" came home, he ran upstairs, as usual, to kiss the sleeping

Chumie. But no little tyrant drowsily ordered him to "get out," and he rushed down to "muver" and Bob.

"Where's Chumie?" he cried anxiously. "He isn't in bed."

With pale cheeks "muver" and Bob hurried up to see for themselves. A hasty search of house and grounds was made, and the servants questioned, but Chumie's disappearance remained a mystery.

"Who saw him last?" "faver" asked as he rushed to the telephone. "Who spoke to him, or—" He turned to look at Bob, who white and trembling, as a certain idea struck him, said,

"Oh, dad, he couldn't of—he knew I was only fooling! Oh, it can't be possible that he's gone to the pine grove this time of night, to—"

But his father was out of doors and running down the walk, and Bob hastened after him to tell with miserable fear the conversation of the afternoon.

"Oh, Bob!" his father said reproachfully, "how could you? Chumie has such faith in you too," and he ran up the hill into the grove.

Humble Bob followed him, and almost as they entered the pine woods, they saw a little bunch under the pine tree. The moon had come from behind the cloud and the light streamed into the grove, as "faver" tenderly picked up the little runaway, who still clutched tightly the corner of the overcoat. Bob swallowing a lump in his throat bent penitently over him.

The movement aroused Chumie, and he sleepily opened his eyes. At the sight of "faver" and "big bruver Bob," remembrance of it all came over him, and in a gleeful voice he shouted triumphantly,

"I found a wabbit, Bob, I did, I found a wabbit."

THE FRESHMAN WHO WASN'T GREEN

IT WAS a cold, bleak night and the strong wind which blew large quantities of snow before it, seemed to penetrate to the inmost depths of the room in which there was a youth seated at a student's desk, hard at work trying to untangle a maze of x^2 , y^2 , and z^2 . Outside the wind blew the light, feathery snow into drifts which shone out spectre like against the sombre background of the dormitory building opposite and now and then a gust stronger than the rest swayed the trees and made their large branches creak and groan as they rubbed against each other.

The room already spoken of presented a marked contrast to the wintry scene outside. Everything had a cheerful and homelike appearance, even the dark and melancholy looking reference books which were in the bookcase in one corner of the room and which seemed to look down on the studious youth with a kind and sympathetic look. A fire crackled and burned in the grate, giving out a heat which met and conquered the penetrating cold before it crossed the sash of the window. The walls of the room were quite bare of any articles picked up on escapades as all college rooms are, for the occupant of the room was a freshman.

The youth, whose name was Arthur Collins, was a little over six feet in height and had a very athletic build. His face, although not altogether handsome, was clear cut and had a look of determination imprinted on it. His every act indicated power and might as he put aside his books, and drew himself up to his full height, his massive figure seemed to occupy nearly half of the room. His roommate, John Bigelow, or "Jack" as his chums called him, had been gone two hours and Arthur was getting quite anxious about him, as the bell on the chapel was just

striking twelve. With a fixed determination in his mind to hunt his chum up, he went out of the door, locking it behind him.

"Jack" Bigelow was as short as Arthur was tall. These two, however, were firm friends and were known to their companions as "the long and the short of it." It was ten o'clock that night and Arthur and Jack were both studying when there came a knock on the door, and a youth came in, whom Arthur recognized as a sophomore, and said that one of the professors would like to see Jack. Thereupon Jack put aside his books, donned his coat and hat, and departed with the sophomore. Just as they got to the other end of the hall, Jack was seized by two large fellows who half dragged, half pushed him through a door which had been suddenly opened and before he had time to cry out, Jack found himself in a room in which five sophomores had assembled. They did to him everything that five fertile brains can think of, from reciting pieces to playing the part of a clown. At last they brought out a set of boxing gloves and made Jack put them on, his opponent being the best and heaviest boxer in the sophomore class. Jack could not demur for he was in their power, he could only keep still and bear it. As they stood up facing each other, the contrast was very striking. It resembled an elephant opposed to a sparrow, so great was the difference in size. Jack was full of pluck and took his medicine bravely but he was entirely no match for his opponent who pounded him all around the room. The boys, who were known to all the college as bullies, let the fight go on and didn't interfere.

When Arthur left his room he had a feeling that there was some mischief afoot, so he immediately started for the room of the boy who had brought Jack the message, to

see if he could find out anything from him. He, therefore, hurried down the hall and seeing there was a light in the room, he tried the door but it was locked. He didn't stop to knock, for he heard the sound of a scuffle, but threw himself against the door which suddenly flew open, revealing to the astonished Arthur the sight of the big boy giving Jack a blow which sent him senseless to the floor. With a bound Arthur was across the space which intervened between himself and the deliverer of the blow and gave him such a blow that it sent the bully on to the floor accompanied by Jupiter, Mars and numerous other stars.

The other four fellows were so surprised at this sudden interruption that they didn't know what to do. Arthur, after disposing of Jack's opponent, turned to the others and called them all the names which are customary on such occasions, ending with such a list of expressive and strong adjectives that would put to shame any modern English grammar.

Meanwhile, the bullies were aroused to activity by this reviling and, although each was a coward at heart, together they were very brave and so they started towards Arthur as if to give him a sound drubbing.

They reckoned, however, wholly without their opponent, for Arthur was a match for them. The first unfortunate to meet him hastily retired to a convenient corner where he ejected a string of teeth long enough to frighten any dentist. The second ran for a towel to stop a superfluous flow of blood coming from his nose caused by what he thought was the collision of his nose with a sledge hammer. The third being seized by the nape of the neck, was thrown to keep company with the first, while the fourth beat a hasty retreat after seeing the defeat his companions had suffered. The fifth one whom Arthur had just met was still suffering from a severe headache and nursing a black eye.

By this time Jack had recovered and so he and Arthur, after bidding the gentlemen a hearty farewell, went back to their room, Jack looking a good deal the worse for wear. He, however, patched himself up with Arthur's help and appeared at recitations the next day. In the sophomore class, however, there were five marks put down for five members who were absent for some unknown reason. After that everybody kept pretty clear of Arthur whom they afterwards spoke of as, "The Freshman who wasn't green."

Ralph G. Adams, '06.

A SOUTH SEA STORM.

THE clouds may now be seen approaching with the awful rapidity that only a south sea hurricane can approach. The atmosphere in the immediate vicinity is close and hot, and the sea turns to a bright green hue. Small white caps appear on the crests of the waves, and all the signs show the good seaman that within the next twenty minutes he will have to work hard to keep the good ship on her course.

Suddenly the deep voice of the bo'sn's mate is heard as he calls out, "On deck!

A-l-l hands and stand by the port and star-board braces!"

"Throw her head around into the wind," says the officer of the deck, addressing the bo'sn.

"Come now! Look alive there and stand by those braces! Now! All together. Heave there! Heave!" and the great vessel comes slowly around so that her bow points in the direction of the black clouds.

A loud call from the bo'sn's pipe and the order, "All hands lay aloft and douse sail. Port watch stand by the clewlines and bunt-

lines. Shake it up there and get in those to'gallants,—else I'll be up there and show you how. Come get onto that to'gallant-yard there, I say, and make fast those buntwhips."

No one moves to obey his order and he brawls out, "What's the matter up there, you lazy, good for nothing landlubbers? Want me to come up there and show you how?"

"The spar is split, sir," ventures a seaman, respecting the tarred monkey fist of the bo'sn.

"It is, hey? S'pose I didn't know it? Now one of you get up there in a hurry, or I'll come up there and heave the bunch of you over the side."

Suddenly a small little form is seen going up the to'gallant shrouds. "It's little Jack," whisper the awe-stricken sailors, for there is nothing which they admire more than a brave deed.

The gale has reached here at last and the terrified sailors are scrambling and sliding down the rigging in desperate efforts to get

below. The great waves are coming over the bow and threaten to engulf the ship, which rocks from side to side, the main yard touching the water every time she rolls.

Only one figure remains in the rigging and he has made fast the buntwhips and starts to descend. But hark! What is that? Above the fearful howl of the gale a splitting noise reaches the ear! The spar is breaking! The shrouds have already parted! He has but one chance to save himself,—that is to slide down the to'gallant stay to the foremast and then to the deck. Oh! Why doesn't he see it? Ah! He does and he starts to come down. Oh! so slowly. Look! the rope! It can't be! Yes! It is breaking! One strand. Yes! two strands have gone now and he is still five feet from the foremast! The question in every man's mind is—"Will the rope hold?" At last! it parts with a dull snap! And he? He catches a firm grip on the foremost stay and slides down to the deck in safety.

Norman F. Houston, '09.

THE WOLF PACK

PIERRE had put on his skates at an end of Grand Lake, and was proceeding to pack his snow-shoes, on which he had come thus far, on the sled of provisions that he was carrying a good distance to a certain camp. The sun was showing its last rays through the trees as he started. As he whisked along, he sang and whistled at intervals an old French hymn, often looking back for something, he did not know what.

He kept on for a time without looking back, but when he did, something met his gaze that made him shiver, for there, not twenty yards behind was a pack of wolves. He skated hard, but still he could hear their blood-curdling yelps, ever nearer and nearer.

He looked back once more, just in time to see one about to jump on him. He was now close to a thickly wooded shore, which he hoped he might reach in time to climb a tree. A mighty stroke, the ice cracked, and he would have gone in, had he not leaped. The nearest wolves could not get off from their track and so went, snarling and yelping, into the water.

By the time they had crawled out and the others had come up, Pierre had reached a place of temporary safety. He, at first, tried to drive them away by throwing dead limbs into their midst, but found it of no use. He took a match from his pocket, and, after lighting a pine-knot, cast it among them. They jumped back with some yelping, but

soon decided that it was not harmful and resumed their same positions.

After the lapse of an hour the moon rose, lighting up the dark recesses of the woods. Pierre grew numb as the chill air of the night closed upon him. A cry arose on the still, calm air, from far down the creek. The wolves listened. It was the cry of a

strayed wolf and ere the sound had died, they departed, one by one from the eyes of Pierre. He got to the ground and made all haste homeward. As he reached his home and was thinking of how his dear old mother would greet him, he heard, faintly, from afar, the cry of the wolf pack.

Stimson Wyeth, '09.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

DU BIST wie eine Bloomer," cried the beaming dude, as he rapturously approached the haughty girl, who leaned against the apple-tree with "don't touch me" air.

"So holt und schurn und rind," he sighed, rolling his small pink eyes with his most alluring expression.

"Jut a door," he cried in an ecstasy of emotion, while he ravaged his brain for another.

"Ach, Frauline, ich liebe dick," he shouted in desperation; "Pourquoi et vous so colt?"

"Mein Kind," said the young girl, "control yourself. I do not belong to a gymnasium, neither do I "churn," or have anything to do with "rinds," cheese or any other kind. We use portieres in our house, and I never did admire "colts."





CLASS 1906, NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

Bertha A. Burrman	Ellen V. Payne	John D. Burrage	Julia W. Ramsdell
Benjamin F. Leighton	Una H. Bean	Gladys E. Pond	Arthur W. Atkinson
Mary E. Mackenzie	Francis J. Stanwood	Esther C. Johnson	Ella R. McDowell
Mary L. Whiting	Arthur S. Hamilton	Estelle M. Baker	Ralph G. Adams
			Amy Gallagher
			Willard R. Toone

CLASS '06

Frank is president, and that is not all;
He's in athletics in spring and in fall;

And it's certainly rich
To just see him pitch,
For he's surely a star at base-ball.

Our noble dark Esther is queenly and tall
She's always on hand when they're out play-
ing ball;

And with all of her might
Waves the flag blue and white,
To the players, "to one," and to all.

There is a young girl named Estelle,
Who knows how to read very well;

And when she does go
On the stage, we all know
She will be the world's greatest belle.

Of the class of '06 there is no one so bright
As Ella, the student, who works day and
night;

And she's always sincere
To German so dear,
And Latin is her great delight.

There is a young fellow named Toone,
He speaks not from morning till noon.

But he's right in his glory
When he's reading a story,
And the hours of work come too soon.

In school when there's anything jolly,
The first one seen laughing is Molly;

But not so with Julia,
For she wouldn't fool yer,
And Amy just smiles at all folly.

There are two young fellows quite witty,
And it seems to all a great pity

That the stories they speak—
Young Ben and bright "Deac."—
Cannot be heard in the city.

Walter, the artist, is also the dude,
To leave out this fact, would be very rude.

When he feels mighty fine,
He makes pictures divine,—
That is, if he's in a good mood.

Out on the beautiful river,
Where the note of the song bird doth quiver,

Canoeing right there
Is Una so fair,
She's tanned, but we all must forgive her.

There is a young fellow called Art,
Who certainly is very smart;

And it's to all a surprise
To see Arthur make eyes,
For surely he's not lost his heart.

There is a young fellow called "Ving,"
We all think he's quite the thing,

When he makes a touch-down,
One can hear through the town
How the cheers that we give loudly ring.

Our class boasts a young girl named May,
She can sing in a very sweet way

But Bertha won't tell her
Whether she can excel her
For that would be too much to say.

There is a young lady named Payne,
We ask her to sing once again,

For seldom we'll meet
With a voice so sweet,
From applauding we scarce can refrain.

In athletics John B. takes the lead,
In most stunts he's sure to succeed;

Why should he understand
How to use his right hand,
When the left seems to meet every need?

Marion, young and quite fair,
Has a fate that would raise up your hair;

Life isn't worth living,
And her notice she's giving,
For everything's "blasted" down there.

Gladys E. Pond, '06.



—In this sentence, “The boy hit the girl,” if boy is the actor and hit the act, what is girl?

A. T. W. '07: The actress.

Miss J. (shorthand): Blackman take your feet off and put them on the floor.

B. C. W. '07 (translating German—Da ging Rosa einsicht auf—Then Rosa went knowingly up to it): Rosa was struck by lightning.

Miss C. to F. G. '08: Are you eating Gaughan?

F. G.: No, but I was.

Miss C.: If you have any left I should like some.

F. G.: I have.

Miss C.: Bring it to me.

Gaughan takes the core of the apple to her!

Miss P. to Botany Class the first day: I'll just have you know that I'm not so green as I look.

Mr. L. to H. '09: Mr. H., were you communicating?

H.: No, sir.

Mr. L.: What were you doing?

H.: Just talking to myself.

Mr. L.: Well, what would you think of a person if you saw them walking along talking to themselves?

H.: I'd think they'd been to Natick.

Miss A.: Tell about the friend he met there.

A. T. W. '07: Oh! you mean that girl?

Miss C.: Are you whispering?

S. '06: No.

Miss C.: Were you whispering?

S. '06: I were.

Miss C.: What are the lungs, heart, etc., of the body called?

B. '08: The intestines.

Miss A.: Have you just arrived?

F. '08: No, I just got here.

Miss T. (to French II): Please don't tell me all you know in my exams. although I realize it wouldn't take you long; just answer my questions.

Miss A.: How was Henry Goldsmith getting along now?

A. T. W. '07: You mean after he was married?

Miss C. while explaining a very deep topic used the phrase, "Now you know how children hold hands." Seeing her break which some of the class did not, she tried to correct it. "I mean little children when they play drop the handkerchief."

Miss A. to B. C. W. for talking: Didn't I have you stay after school yesterday for this very same thing? Do you like to stay after school?

B. C. W.: Yes, when you put me in the hands of Miss T.

Conversation of two Freshmen girls at recess.

Miss A: Will you have one of my tarts?

Miss T (with assumed superior air): Is it compulsory?

Miss A: Oh no, its blackberry.

C. M. '09 (English): The subject soldier acts upon the colonel by knocking him down through the verb.

Geometry theorems—

Two triangles whose sides are respectably parallel!

O. B. '07: If we take equals from equals we get parallel lines.

Mr. L: Won-der-ful!

B. C. W. failed to see the difference between a circle and a circumference.

Mr. L. (who, as well as us all, knows Wheeler's fondness for pie): The circumference is to the circle as the crust is to a squash pie!

O. B. '07: Then *we* have triangle A B C equal triangle 1 2 3.

Mr. L: What do the people up in Wellesley have?

Mr. L: Is a demonstration in Geometry a mere statement?

Miss B. '06: No, a matter of fact.

Miss T. '07 had an extra line in her diagram. Having finished her demonstration she sat down. Mr. L. continued to look at the board. Finally he looked around, "What got all done?"

Miss T: Yes.

Mr. L: What are you going to do with line A B?

Miss T: Nothing.

Mr. L: What have you got it there for?

Miss T: I thought I might need it.

Mr. L: Well, Miss T., I would draw only lines that were needed.—Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!

Miss A. (in Greek History): Name one article that the Egyptians manufactured.

B. '07: The Pyramids.

B. '07 (beginning a letter): "Yours truly."

Miss C. (Chemistry): Now I'll take some castor oil.

Miss A: The one that is speaking thinks they know it all!

Miss C: I want R. Adams to stay.

R. Adams: Who, me?

S. '06 whispers: No, Rod.

Student room A: I left my block up stairs.

Miss C: Which one?

S. '06: May that hair ribbon be removed so that we can see the black board?

In the laboratory W. '07: I'm all out of gasoline.

Miss C. understands!

Miss A: Draw a blank line.

What is a secret?

Miss T: Something that you tell.

Miss A: Did they have public libraries then?

S. '06: No, Mr. Carnegie wasn't born then.

W. '07 (translating—und hob sein Hand in die Hohe—and raised his hand on high): And he held his hand in hers.

B. '08 (in Botany, holding up a skunk cabbage): Will you please tell me what this is?

Miss P: Did you make that noise?

W. '08: No, ma'am.

Miss P:: I thought it came from your seat so that is why I landed on you.

Any one who misses any chemistry apparatus will find it in Carter's desk.

Miss T. was explaining the difference between "wissen" and "kennen": In the sentence "Ich kenne den mann" (I know the man) does the man necessarily become my personal property?

A laugh; why did Miss T. blush?

Miss P. (Botany): The next is the oval shaped leaf.

Miss C. '08: Do you mean the round oval?

Miss J: We will have some oral spelling now.

Miss P. '06: Do you want the papers? (Upon which the oral spelling was written.)

Miss A. (reading): I wore two heads and a veil.

Miss T: For instance.

"Pie" (Benjamin Leighton.)

W. B. '07: This pen won't write.

Miss J: Have you moistened it so that it will hold the ink?

W. B. '07: Yes, I've chewed it for half an hour.

Miss J: That's the reason it won't write then, I guess.

Miss F. '08 (History): There was a man but I don't know who he was though.

Miss C: What is it, Miss B.

Miss B. '06: Nothing.

Miss C: Well, Miss B., I don't think W. is interested in that.

Miss A: Your bell has just rung.

F. P. '8: It's not my bell.

Miss L. '08: It is so hot in this room that we cannot think.

Miss T: I realize it, but if it was any cooler you couldn't think any better.

Miss C. (Physics): Which would you rather be struck by, an express or freight train?

Miss M. Mc. '08: I don't know, as I was never struck by either.

Miss A: What were the familiar characteristics of the family?

D. B. W. '08: They had big mouths.

Miss C. (Physics): What is a mechanical couple?

E. P. '08: Never saw one.

Miss M. Mc. '08 (translating): She opened the door with a shovel.

Mr. L: How many times did you read this through?

D. B. W. '08: Twice I guess, once I know.

Miss L. '08: When we get through shall we stop?

Miss C: What do I always take to make a circle?

E. C. '08: A piece of chalk.

J. C. '08 (translating): He ate so much hens.

J. B. '08: She was worn out from the weather.

Miss T: Class! Does not that hurt your ears?

Miss B. '06: (translating: Coniunx fidum capiti subduxerut ensem.)

My wife drew my sword out of my head.

Mr. L: Poor man! I should think he would have been glad.

New spring styles in Latin just out!

Miss T. to her German III: That blissful state of this class.

Miss T: Those I see inattentive any more may come back at three o'clock.

W. '08 is dreaming.

Miss T: Come back, W. (meaning to this world).

W. with a long face goes at 1.30 and explains that he cannot come back at three o'clock as he has to play foot-ball.

Who was Hebe, Miss W?

M. W. '06: I don't know, but she was some god.

Miss T. to German 1: Give the principal parts of the verb which means to eat persons.

Miss J: Where are dairy products to be found?

L. '07: In the Charles River.

L. '09 (reciting history): The Greek youths were not taught to read or write and English Rhetoric were despised.

Miss T. explaining an algebra example is facing the board. She turns suddenly and finds C. '09 fooling: What is the next step, C?

C: I don't know.

Miss T: Well I will tell you. The next step will be down to the office if I see you fooling again.

Miss T: These cards have your name written on them when the teacher notices any misconduct on your part.

H. '09: Are those the kind Miss J. is always sending in for us?

Miss A. (dictating outline of the life of Addison to English I.): C. his deer stealing.

H. '06: How do you spell that?

German I (der Schlafrock mit indianischen Blumen): The dressing-gown with Indian bloomers.

Miss T. (dictating German II): If he asked me the question, I would not answer.

A whisper: Don't worry! he'll never ask you.

Overheard at the ball-field.

Umpire: Foul.

Freshie: Where are the feathers?

Umpire: This is a picked nine you idiot.

To Latin I:

The Latin trio are ascending the stair

It's just ten minutes past ten,

They have on their faces looks of despair,

"Oh, when shall we three meet again?"

The Class meetings of 1906—Gone but not forgotten.



TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS

During the past five years, Needham High has done nothing in track athletics. This year however, the school was admitted to the Midland Athletic Association, composed of the high schools of Framingham, Woon-

socket, Milford, Grafton, North Attleboro and Needham.

On June 2nd, the annual meet was held at Framingham, and Needham High was

represented by a team of 15 members captained by John D. Burrage.

Needham completely upset the calculations of the other schools and even surpassed its own expectations by winning the meet with a total of 62 points.

All of "Our boys" did finely, but the following did exceptionally well: Burrage who won 16 points, Adams 11, Maloney 8, and K. Webb who took 10 points besides carrying his team to victory in the final quarter of the mile relay race.

Our boys won the following:—

100 yd. dash,	Maloney 1st,	Adams 2nd.
220 yd. dash,	Maloney 2nd.	Adams 4th.
220 yd. hurdles,	Adams 1st.	Stanwood 2nd.
440 yd. run,	K. Webb 1st.	W. Gaughan 4th.
880 yd. run,	K. Webb 1st.	Burrage 4th.
1 mile run,	Brownville 4th.	
Broad Jump,	Burrage 1st,	Brownville 3rd.
High Jump,	Burrage 1st.	
Hammer Throw,	Adams 2nd.	F. Gaughan 3rd.
Pole Vault,	Burrage 2nd.	Flewelling, 3rd.
Shot Put,	Burrage 3rd.	Wyeth 4th.
One mile relay race won by Needham team, Fitzgerald, W. Gaughan, Flewelling, and K. Webb.		
The final score was, Needham 62 points, Framingham 22, Woonsocket 20, Milford 12, North Attleboro 11, Grafton 5.		

This all goes to show that Needham High is fast taking a front rank in Athletics as well as in Education.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Needham High!

FOOT BALL

AS SOON as school opened, the thoughts of all turned to football and those most interested began to look around to see what material was to be had for a team. Only three of the 1904 team were missing, but one of these was N. Wyeth who played fullback and who was a good ground gainer. He, however, later entered school for another year. Some new material came from outside sources, however, and the prospects of our having a good team were bright. The week after school opened the candidates elected Adams captain for the year and were soon on the field practising. Bean, who coached our team successfully the previous year, again took charge and quickly developed a fast team.

Needham 0, Watertown 4.

On Sept. 26 Needham played its first game with Watertown on their grounds and were defeated 4-0. Needham was greatly outweighed by their opponents but put up a great defensive game and neither side

scored in the first half. The second half was a repetition of the first but Watertown slowly advanced the ball toward Needham's goal. An attempt at a drop kick failed but Watertown was given a second try by the referee who said he had not blown his whistle to put the ball in play. The second attempt was successful and the game ended without further scoring.

WATERTOWN HIGH.

Brown, l.e.
Rattigan, l.t.
C. Howe, l.g.
Bailey, c.
Temple, r.g.
McNally, r.t.
McGann, r.e.
Norcross, q.b.
O'Brien, l.h.b.
Coon, r.h.b.
H. Howe, f.b.

NEEDHAM HIGH.

r.e., A. Wheeler
r.t., A. Hamilton
r.g., Blackman
c., G. Hamilton
l.g., Leighton
l.t., Atkinson
l.e., Maloney
q.b., Stanwood
r.h.b., Adams
l.h.b., Gaughan
f.b., Webb

Score—Watertown High 4, Needham High 0.
Goal from field—Coon. Umpire—Bean. Referee—White. Linesmen—Mayo and Macurda. Timer—Smith. Time—15 and 10 minute periods.

Needham 42, Natick 0.

September 30 Needham played its first game on the home grounds against Natick and easily defeated them. Needham played a fast snappy game and ran away with the visitors. Adams made two long runs down the field for touchdowns. Maloney and A. Wheeler excelled in tackling and Stanwood kicked some pretty goals. Adams made five touchdowns and Atkinson two.

NEEDHAM HIGH

Maloney, l.e.
Blackman (A. Hamilton), l.t.
Sawyer, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Leighton, r.g.
Houston (A. Wheeler), r.t.
A. Wheeler (B. Wheeler), r.e.
Stanwood, q.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Atkinson, l.h.b.
Webb, f.b.

NATICK HIGH

r.e., Brown
r.t., Pray
r.g., Oliver
c., Fairbanks
l.g. Harper
l.t., Golden
l.e., Daniells
q.b., Murray
l.h.b., Edwards
r.h.b., McGee
f.b., Rice

Score—Needham High 42, Natick High 0.
Touchdowns—Adams 5, Atkinson 2. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 7. Umpire—Snow. Referee—Bean. Linesman—R. Adams and Blackman. Timer—Jones. Time—15-minute halves. Attendance—600.

Needham 38, Auburndale 0.

October 7 Needham defeated Auburndale on Green's Field, Needham, 38-0. Needham outplayed the visitors at every point. The features were a 50-yard run by Adams in the first period, a 40-yard run by Maloney on a trick play in the second and the goal kicking by Stanwood. Auburndale made one safety goal.

NEEDHAM HIGH

Maloney, l.e.
A. Hamilton (Blackman), l.t.
Sawyer, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Webb, r.g.
Leighton (Heath), r.t.
A. Wheeler (B. Wheeler), r.e.
Stanwood, q.b.
Atkinson, l.h.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

AUBURNDALE.

r.e., White
r.t., R. Chandler
r.g., Estabrook
c., Eaton
l.g., Cary
l.t., S. Eaton
l.e., O'Donnell
q.b., Donohue
r.h.b., Gove
l.h.b., Clough
f.b., T. Chandler

Score—Needham High 38, Auburndale 0.
Touchdowns—Adams 3, Maloney, Stanwood, Wyeth. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 6. Safety touchdown—Auburndale. Umpire—Rooney. Referee—Slaney. Linesmen—Heath and Blackman. Timer—Rodney Adams. Time—15 and 10 minute periods. Attendance—500.

Needham 12, Wayland 5.

On October 11 Needham went to Wayland and defeated them in a hard game 12-5. Stanwood and A. Hamilton were not in the game on account of studies and the change made in the line on this account weakened the defense. B. Wheeler played his first game at quarterback and acquitted himself creditably. A. Wheeler and Maloney excelled in tackling and Dudley broke through Needham's line for large gains.

NEEDHAM H. S.

Maloney, l.e.
Burrage (Houston), l.t.
Sawyer (Heath), l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Webb, r.g.
Leighton, r.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. Wheeler, q.b.
Atkinson, l.h.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

WAYLAND H. S.

r.e., Marr
r.t., Post
r.g., Marston
c., Cockran
l.g., Craig
l.t., J. O'Brien
l.e., Ames
q.b., Lyons
r.h.b., Dudley
l.h.b., J. O'Brien
f.b., McKenna

Score—Needham 12, Wayland 5. Touchdowns—Adams, Atkinson, Dudley. Goals from touchdowns—Burrage 2. Umpire—Bean. Referee—Dr. Ide. Linesmen—Blackman, Foley. Timer—Loker. Time—Two 15-minute periods.

Needham 6, Dedham 11.

October 17 Needham was defeated the second time by Dedham in a close and hard fought fight. The teams were evenly matched but Stanwood's fumbles were fatal to Needham.

DEDHAM HIGH

Carney (Boyd), l.e.
G. Rogers, l.t.
D. Rogers (Walley, Eastman), l.g.
Grant, c.
Ward, r.g.
Harris, r.t.
Finn, r.e.
Staples, q.b.
Ames, l.h.b.
Hurley, r.h.b.
Biddle, f.b.

NEEDHAM HIGH

r.e., Wheeler
r.t., Leighton
r.g., Webb
c., G. Hamilton
l.g., Wyeth
l.t., A. Hamilton
l.e., Maloney
q.b., Stanwood
r.h.b., Adams
l.h.b., Atkinson
f.b., Burrage

Score—Dedham High 11, Needham High 6.
Touchdowns—Ames, Hurley, Adams. Goals from touchdowns—G. Rogers, Stanwood. Umpire—Bean of Andover. Referee—Reynolds of Boston College. Linesmen—Hine and Wheeler. Timers—Vickery and Stanwood. Time—15-minute halves.

Needham 35, Brookside A.A. 0.

October 21 Needham defeated Brookside A. A. of Somerville to the tune of 35-0.

The feature was a 50-yard run by Maloney. Atkinson was injured and had to retire. It might be mentioned here that it has become almost a habit with us to run up a score and not allow our opponents to go behind our goal posts.

NEEDHAM HIGH

J. Maloney, l.e.
A. Hamilton, l.t.
Blackman, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Webb, r.g.
Leighton, r.t.
Wheeler, r.e.
Stanwood, q.b.
Atkinson (Burrage), l.h.b.

BROOKSIDE A. A.

r.e., McDonald
r.t., F. Maloney
r.g., Brown
c., C. Bean
l.g., Franklin
l.t., Jackson
l.e., Francis
q.b., Cutter

r.h.b., White (Anderson)
l.h.b., Fogg (Smith)
f.b., Storey
Score—Needham High 35, Brookside A. A. 0.
Touchdowns—Atkinson, Wyeth, Burrage, Maloney, Adams 2. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 5.
Time—Twenty and 10-minute periods.

Needham 32, Natick 0.

October 28 Needham easily defeated Natick a second time by score of 32-0. Needham's goal was in danger at no time. Brown made a safety for Natick.

NEEDHAM HIGH

NATICK HIGH.

Maloney, l.e.
Burrage (Atkinson, A. Hamilton), l.t.
Sawyer, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Blackman, r.g.
Stanwood (Adams, Gaughan), r.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. Wheeler (Stanwood), q.b.
Atkinson (Burrage), l.h.b.
Adams (Stanwood), r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

r.e., Riley
r.t., Brown
r.g., Oliver
c., Pray (Smith)
l.g., Loker
l.t., Annis
l.e., Daniels
q.b., Jones
r.h.b., Magee
l.h.b., Edwards
f.b., Rice

Score—Needham High 32, Natick High 0.
Touchdowns—Adams 2, Atkinson, Wyeth, Stanwood. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 5.
Safety touchdown—Brown. Time—20 and 15 minute periods.

Needham 17, Wayland 0.

November 4 Needham won its second victory from Wayland on Green's Field. Needham excelled in team and individual play. The feature was Adams securing the ball on a fumble and running 30 yards for a touchdown.

NEEDHAM HIGH

WAYLAND HIGH

Maloney, l.e.
Fitzgerald, l.t.
A. Hamilton, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Blackman, r.g.
Adams, r.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. Wheeler, q.b.
Atkinson, l.h.b.
Stanwood, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

r.e., Maer
r.t., Post
r.g., Marston
c., Cockran
l.g., Craigie
l.t., McKenna
l.e., Ames
q.b., Lyons
r.h.b., J. L. O'Brien
l.h.b., Dudley
fb., J. O'Brien

Score—Needham High 17, Wayland High 0.
Touchdowns—Stanwood, Wyeth, Adams. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 2. Time—20 and 15 minute periods.

Needham 18, Milford 11.

November 7 Needham defeated Milford by the score of 18-11 at Milford. Cenedella excelled for the home team and Phillips was a steady ground gainer. Adams and Maloney excelled for Needham. The game was fast and snappy, both teams gaining at random and neither line being able to hold the other's attack, although in the first period Needham held Milford on their own 8-in. line. The line up follows.

NEEDHAM H. S.

MILFORD H. S.

Maloney, l.e.
Gaughan, (Atkinson), l.t.
Sawyer, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Blackman, r.g.
A. Hamilton (Heath), l.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. C. Wheeler, q.b.
Burrage, l.h.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

r.e., Calarry
r.t., Erwin
r.g., McCarthy (O'Connell)
c., Dempsey
l.g., Hoagland
l.t., Livingston
l.e., McCarthy (Soldini)
q.b., Cennedilla
r.h.b., Laviolette
l.h.b., Rogers
f.b., Phillips

Score—Needham 18, Milford 11. Time—20 and 15 minute halves.

Needham 18, Winthrop 5.

November 15 Needham defeated Winthrop on Green's Field 18-5 in a game characterized by rough play. Needham excelled in team play, line kicking, and in end runs. Several trick plays worked successfully. A 50-yard run by Adams for a touchdown just before the end of the second period was the feature.

NEEDHAM HIGH

Burrage (Maloney), l.e.
A. Hamilton, l.t.
Sawyer, l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Blackman, r.g.
Atkinson, r.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. Wheeler, q.b.
Stanwood, l.h.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

Score—Needham 18. Winthrop 5. Touchdowns—Adams 2, Stanwood, Kinney. Goals from touch downs—Stanwood 3. Umpire—Bean. Referee—Orcutt. Linesmen—Stillwell, Heath. Timer—Adams. Time—Two 15-minute halves. Attendance—200.

WINTHROP HIGH

r.e., Miller
r.t., Stockwell
r.g., Hughes
c., Ryan
l.g., Thomas
l.t., Kinney
l.e., Duston
q.b., Sullivan
r.h.b., McCarthy
l.h.b., Shorley
f.b., Knudson

Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 6. Umpire—O'Connell. Referee—Hul. Linesmen—Jones and O'Connell. Timers—Glancy and Adams. Time—Two 20-minute halves.

Needham 6, Wellesley 11.

November 30 Needham received its third defeat at the hands of Wellesley. Needham played a hard stubborn game. Adams scored the first by a 20-yard run. Soon after Sleeper scored for Wellesley by breaking through and blocking Burrage's punt. He then picked up the ball and ran for a touchdown. The referee gave Wellesley another touchdown because he saw the ball on the line where it had been pushed after the whistle was blown. The game ended with the ball in Needham's possession on Wellesley's 30-yard line where Needham had steadily advanced it. Burrage, Adams and Wheeler excelled for Needham.

Needham 41, Milford 0.

November 24 Needham defeated Milford 41-0 in one of the best games of the season. Needham was in fine condition and completely shut out the visitors. The interference for the end runs was especially noticeable. Soldini of Milford broke a rib in the first half. Phillips was also slightly injured.

NEEDHAM HIGH

Maloney, l.e.
Stanwood (Gaughan), l.t.
Leighton (Sawyer), l.g.
G. Hamilton, c.
Blackman, r.g.
A. Hamilton (Heath, Atkinson), r.t.
A. Wheeler, r.e.
B. C. Wheeler, q.b.
Burrage (Stanwood), l.h.b.
Adams, r.h.b.
Wyeth, f.b.

MILFORD HIGH

y r.e., Calarry
r.t., Erwin
r.g., McCarthy (O'Connell)
c., Dempsey
l.g., Hoagland
l.t., Livingston
l.e., McCarthy (Soldini)
q.b., Cenedilla
r.h.b., Laviolette
l.h.b., Roger
f.b., Phillips

Score—Needham High 41. Milford High 0. Touchdowns—Adams 3, Stanwood 3, Atkinson.

WELLESLEY HIGH

Gallagher, l.e.
Burgess, l.t.
P. Shepard, l.g.
Putnam (Sleeper), c.
Theis, r.g.
T. Shepard, r.t.
Bryant (Brooks), r.e.
Adams, q.b.
Farnum, l.h.b.
Marshall, r.h.b.
Seagraves, f.b.

NEEDHAM HIGH

r.e., Wheeler
r.t., Gaughan
r.g., Blackman
c., G. Hamilton
l.g., Leighton
l.t., Atkinson (A. Hamilton)
l.e., Maloney
q.b., Stanwood
r.h.b., Adams
l.h.b., Burrage
f.b., Wyeth

Score—Wellesley 11, Needham 6. Touchdowns—By Sleeper, Seagraves, Adams. Goals from touchdowns—Sleeper, Stanwood. Umpire—Pond. Referee—Edmunds. Linesmen—Mullen, Wyeth. Timer—Ross. Time—20-minute halves.

BASE BALL

As soon as the ball field was in condition the candidates for the team went out to practice. Maloney was chosen captain for the season of 1906. After a few days' practice the following team was picked to represent Needham High School on the diamond: Collins, catch; Stanwood, pitch; Fitzgerald, sub pitch; Sawyer, 1st base; Burrage, 2nd base;

Wheeler, 3rd base; Maloney, short stop; Webb, left field; Ferris, centre field; Wyeth, right field; and Gaughan and Heath, subs.

The first game was played April 7 with Auburndale. It was a slow game with frequent errors on both sides. Both teams hit freely and bunched the hits to good advantage. Needham did not make a run till the



Nathaniel Wyeth	Allan T. Wheeler	Francis J. Stanwood	Bertrand C. Wheeler, (Manager)
Chester B. Heath	Edward H. Sawyer	James I. Maloney, (Captain)	John D. Burrage
Robert S. Ferris	James J. Collins	Owen V. Webb	Arthur F. Fitzgerald
			John F. Gaughan

fourth inning when they made four which put them ahead of Auburndale who made two in the first inning. From there on Needham held the lead.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	0	0	0	4	2	2	2	2	—12
Auburndale ...	2	0	0	0	3	1	1	3	0—10

April 13 "Our Boys" went to Watertown for their second game and defeated the strong Watertown team in a ten inning game. Needham played a good game. Stanwood struck out eleven men and in the tenth knocked a 2-base hit and scored on Burrage's single, winning the game.

Score by in'gs	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Needham .	4	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	1—9
Watertown	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	0—8

On April 19 Dedham defeated Needham in a poorly played game at Needham. Needham allowed the visitors to make two double plays on them by not holding bases on fly balls. Both teams made frequent errors but honors were divided between the pitchers, each getting nine strike outs.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	0—5
Dedham	5	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—7

April 21 Needham easily defeated Wellesley in a slow but well played game. Needham clinched the game in the fourth inning, making six runs by the poor pitching of Seagrave. Stanwood pitched a fine game, striking out nine men and giving four passes against three strike outs by Seagrave, who passed ten men.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	1	0	3	6	2	2	0	0	—14
Wellesley	1	0	1	0	1	4	0	1	0—8

April 26 our nine went to West Newton to play the Allen School. Burrage was not with the team and Stanwood took his position at second. Fitzgerald pitched a steady game, fanning nine men and giving two passes. Blackman had a try out at centre field and batted well.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	1	2	2	2	1	2	0	1	0—11
Allen School .	1	0	1	2	2	0	0	0*	1—7

On May 5 Milford came to Needham to play but the game was not finished. In the eighth inning Milford kicked against a decision of the umpire and forfeited the game by refusing to play. Fitzgerald pitched a good game for Needham.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	2	0	0	0	3	0	1		—6
Milford	1	0	3	1	0	0	0		—5

May 12 Needham played a return game with Dedham and defeated them by a larger score than they defeated us by, earlier in the season. Stanwood pitched a good game and kept the hits pretty well scattered except in the second inning when Dedham made four runs.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	3	2	2	5	0	0	0	2	0—14
Dedham	0	4	0	3	0	2	0	0	0—9

May 19 in a close and exciting game Needham defeated Natick High by the score 8-6. The game was closely contested up to the ninth inning. Natick being ahead, but by Sawyer's three bagger Needham clinched the game. Stanwood pitched well, striking out eleven men.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Needham	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	—8
Natick	0	0	0	0	4	1	1	0	0—6





A hearty welcome to all our exchanges, old and new. To the old friends we extend our thanks and appreciation for the many exchanges we have received. We hope that our new friends will continue to exchange with us as faithfully. We acknowledge the following:—

"Latin School Register"	Boston, Mass.
"Skirmisher," St. Matthews' School	San Mateo, Cal.
"Review"	Cambridge, Mass.
"High School Beacon"	Chelsea, Mass.
"Bulletin"	Dedham, Mass.
"Bostonia," Boston University	Boston, Mass.
"Kodak"	Everett, Wash.
"Aegis"	Bloomington, Ill.
"School Life"	Melrose, Mass.
"Item"	Dorchester, Mass.
"College Signal"	Amherst, Mass.
"Tripod," Thornton Academy	Saco, Me.
"Legenda," Williams Institute	New London, Conn.
"Red and Black," Sachs Institute	New York City.
"Oracle"	Malden, Mass.
"Imp"	Boston, Mass.
"Crimson"	Louisville, Ky.

We regret to say that the following have neglected us and should like to inquire the reason.

"Nautilus"	Waterville, Me.
"Owl," Hoitts School	Menlo Park, Cal.
"Senior"	Westerly, R. I.
"Academy Journal"	Norwich, Conn.
"Recorder"	Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Review"	Newton, Mass.
"K. H. S. Echo"	Danielson, Conn.
"Nautilus"	Jacksonville, Ill.
"Penn Charter Magazine"	Philadelphia, Pa.
"Advocate"	New Brunswick, N. J.

"Oracle"—"A Harvard Man" is very good in your October number. We second your motion in regard to not repeating so many jokes in your exchange column.

"The Imp"—It would improve your paper to have its name on the cover. It would be better not to start a new subject at the bottom of a page. Be careful of your spacing.

If the "Crimson" added a few stories it would make the paper more interesting to outside readers. Don't put too many jokes in your exchange column.

The "Red and Black"—A few cuts and more short stories would add to the attractiveness of your paper. You might also add an exchange column.

"Legenda" is bright and its short stories afford much amusement during study periods, as well as during recitations to those who sit in the back seats.

We always welcome the mail which brings the "Aegis" from afar. It shows a good amount of social life in the school.

"High School Bulletin," Dedham—In respect to the criticism that our athletic column takes up too much room, we would say that our paper is only published yearly and has a whole year's athletics for its scope, and in proportion to the size of our paper we feel justified in giving it so much space. Your paper contains more athletic news in proportion to your paper than ours does. Otherwise we extend our praise to your magazine.

The "Kodak" should place its name of the place from which it comes on the cover.

The "Bostonia" for October is worthy of high praise in its unique cover.

The "College Signal" is always full of news.

The "Dorchester Item" is a good paper and well proportioned. Its cuts are very good, but alas very few. We think a few would brighten it up.

"Tripod"—Are not your personals mixed with your locals? Why not add a few cuts?

The "Skirmisher" is an interesting paper and contains some good poems. We would encourage this in more of our exchanges, for they are an addition to the value of the paper. We would suggest, however, that a new cover be designed. This one is very suited to the subject, but it is time a new one was secured.

The "School Life"—Although your cover is very neat it is too plain. One of our artists has kindly decorated it at his leisure and if you wish to see it we will forward it to you.

The "H. S. Beacon" is interesting but is it not time you changed the heading of your exchange column?

"Latin School Register"—Your covers show that the school possesses at least one artist. Why not set him to work on cuts for the inside? Your stories are very good, especially, "A Cub Reporter," in the September number.



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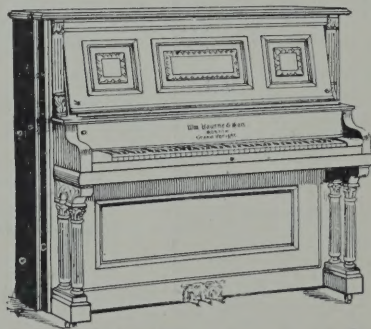
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